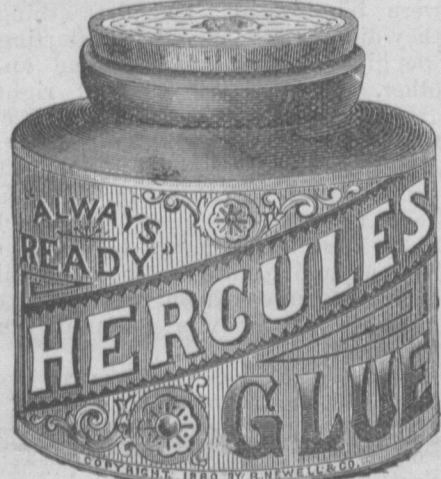


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We have sold the Hercules Glue for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market. J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.

We have tested the Hercules Glue, and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels. A. F. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880. My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of Hercules Glue. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks, and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation well wide, I remain, yours truly, JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880. We cheerfully attest to the merit of Hercules Glue. Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mould. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to Hercules. It alone does all that is claimed for it. W. do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it. SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street.

November 29, 1880. Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness. A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880. Gentlemen.—I have used the Hercules Glue in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it. Yours truly, E. G. PASSMORE, 691 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881. Your Hercules Glue needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself. THOMAS W. STUCKY, 37 North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881. Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your Hercules, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectually. Truly Yours, DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881. I am using the Hercules Glue for fastening Glass in Bronzed and Nickelplated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others. THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all other preparations, the most important is, that IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

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N. B.—Expressage paid by the purchaser.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881.

NUMBER 21.

POETRY.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

No more to go in weary quest,
No more to plot, or plan, or dream;
A glory greater than I guessed,
Has dawned. How strangely does it seem.

For, out of girlhood's broad domain,
Bewilderingly looked o'er and o'er,
No flower, (to me 'tis very plain),
So fair, was ever you before.

The sweet, glad wonder in her eyes,
The lips which only love has pressed,
The warm and pulsating surprise,
The shy response, shyly confessed,

Are like the light that never was
Inhabitant of land or sea,
And of all earthly mysteries,
The one bewitching mystery.

In her does Psyche's form arise!
Is beauty's spell woven from her eyes?
Do radiant splendors wreath her hair?
Or do her glances breathe life there?

I have not asked. I only know,
Some sweet perfection holds control,
And, where rare human virtues flow,
Beams forth the dearest human soul.

O, sky! the morn that's risen to-day
Outshines the brightness of your blue;
Winter's severance turns to May,
And this bleak world is born anew.

JOEL BENTON.

STORY TELLER.

NOT STOLEN.

"I have got a somewhat unusual case for you, Mr. Detective," said a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, as he entered my room one August evening some fifteen years ago. "You know me, I dare say. I am Mr. Medwin, the picture dealer."

"What is your case, sir?" I replied, giving my new patron a chair.

"The fact is I have lost a very valuable painting."

"I have heard of that—the whole town is talking about it. The night you bought it some one entered the gallery and cut it from the frame."

"Yes, and although I have offered a large reward, no trace of my painting has yet been found. Lord Berkshire advised me to try you."

"I am much obliged to his lordship. Have you any suspicions?"

"No, it is puzzling in the extreme. A picture of that immense value is not so easily salable as a stolen Bank of England note. I don't know who would dare to buy it. The painting is known throughout the whole world."

"It is a little perplexing I must own, but something may occur to me. Leave the matter in my hands for a day or two."

"You know the reward, two thousand pounds, and I will, of course, pay all your expenses."

"Have the police discovered nothing?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever; see what you can do."

Hereditary families, like nations, have their rise and fall, their period of prosperity, and their time of poverty.

Sometimes this decadence is the evil work of a series of members of a family, and at others, chains of unfortunate circumstances have brought about the downfall. It is a world of continual movement, there is no remaining stationary.

A volume as interesting as any romance could be written about the vicissitudes of the Burke family. The present Lord has a great name to keep, but no money, except in works of art, his private collection of which is, or rather was unsurpassed. He is poorer than some of his own tenants.

They all had one peculiar trait in their character. They devoted much time, when money was plentiful, to gathering together, in the ancestral mansion, rare works of art. They were all born with the artistic eye. Their gallery became one of the most renowned in Europe, and until the accession of the present peer they never thought of seeing what the works would fetch in an auction room.

Scandal had often whispered that some scarce specimens of the foreign schools which adorn the gallery came to the family by the right of might, when a certain Gen. Burke was leading the armies of his country in Dutch and Belgian provinces.

The present peer is devoted to art as his predecessors, but he has less money than any of them. His father ruined himself.

It was the family lawyer who suggested the disposal of a portion of the pictures, and he almost got kicked out of the house for ventilating the idea.

But afterwards, when his lordship re-considered the matter, and thought of his desperate financial position, he entertained the proposal, but with great reluctance. In his eyes, what he was doing amounted to sacrilege.

The sale attracted to the well-known rooms all the fine-art buyers in the world, and lasted for several days.

Many of the works fetched sensational prices, but one picture in particular distanced all the others.

The Times and lesser lights had leaders on the subject.

The painting was the masterpiece of a master. This is the picture about which Mr. Medwin came to see me. On the night it was sold it was carefully cut from the frame, and nothing had since been heard of it.

It was difficult to say where this inquiry should begin. After much hesitation, I decided to go to the gallery where the picture had hung. The auctioneers knew me, and placed all the information they could before me. I saw the empty frame, but nothing could be gleaned from that. A sharp knife had done its work well.

Who had access to the gallery at night? No one; the keys are deposited in a safe.

I asked who had been last in the gallery, and, after some trouble, I ascertained without a doubt that the last persons in the gallery were Lord Burke and his custodian, whose duty it was to see that everything was secure, and hand over the keys to be placed in the safe.

I saw the custodian and questioned him. He seemed an honest man, and had but little to tell.

Lord Burke had asked to pay a last visit to his favorites before they were dispersed to the four quarters of the world, and the custodian had accompanied him. The visit did not occupy ten minutes altogether. He had not the slightest idea what had become of the work. The thief had not left any trace whatever behind.

As a rule the favored race, the Jews, do not affect hard work; they detest manual labor, and prefer making money through their brains. I had some knowledge of a man of this race who earned an excellent living as an expert in the value of pictures. I looked him up to see whether he could throw out a hint to guide me. Finding him at home, I opened the conversation by saying:—

"Where can the picture have got to?"

"Perhaps it is nearer you than you imagine," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" I said, looking round, expecting to see it in some corner of the room.

"Not here," he replied, laughing, "but in London."

"In the possession of whom—the thief?"

"Oh, no! In the custody of its natural guardian—the purchaser."

"I do not understand you. If Mr. Medwin has the picture, why all this bother?"

"Mr. Medwin knows what pays, and wants a big advertisement. Some day the picture will turn up—found in America, for instance—and it will sell at a greatly enhanced value. And look at the immense number of engravings of the work Mr. Medwin is disposing of weekly all through the notoriety. He has not much to learn, has Mr. Medwin?"

"I must differ from you. In my opinion, Mr. Medwin is quite in the dark, and the picture was really stolen."

"We shall see. Keep in mind my words. What chance would a thief have of selling such a well-known work?"

Next morning I went to reside close to the country seat of the Burkes.

The house was a show place, and admission could therefore be easily procured. I availed myself of this permission, and passed myself as an amateur painter, desirous of studying certain landscapes in the gallery.

"There were some cabinets containing rare engravings in the library, I should like to have seen," I said to the librarian.

But the old man shook his head, and said—

"His lordship always carried the keys with him, and never showed the contents to any one."

"Does he not even intrust you with the keys?" I asked.

"He used to do so, but not of late."

"The collection of Rembrandt's is very complete, I believe?"

"This I learned from the local guide book."

"The best in England."

"Well, look here, there would be no harm in my having a peep, and if you can manage it I will richly compensate you for the trouble."

"I'm afraid it can not be done. How long are you to remain in the neighborhood?"

"A day or two—don't matter."

"Well," said the avaricious old humbug, "I will see what can be done, but you must be prepared to come up here at a moment's notice. Give me your address, and I will write when a chance occurs."

So far well and good. I hoped soon to prove whether my theory was correct, that Lord Burke, not being able to part with this particular work, had surreptitiously taken it. It was a strange thing for a man to do.

On my second visit to the London gallery the man in charge was more communicative, and I learned that his lordship had been alone with the pictures for about five minutes.

There was plenty of time to do the deed; and nothing so easy as to place the canvas flat on your person and button your top-coat over it.

The librarian did not keep me waiting long. On receipt of his note I did not lose any time in joining him in the library. He produced the keys. How he got them I don't know; and his lordship had gone to the quarter sessions.

There were three cabinets altogether, and two of them were drawn blank. The engravings I appeared to admire greatly, but was anxious to see the contents of the last cabinet.

On unlocking number three, the librarian looked as if he had just seen a ghost. In a drawer all to itself, carefully arranged, was the well-known picture, about which the world had been so recently talking. The old man was terrified, and locked the cabinet hastily, saying, it contained private papers which could not be shown to any one. I did not pretend to have noticed the picture, and having given the old man a handsome gratuity, I returned to London.

Mr. Medwin was astonished at what I had told him. As man does not usually run away with his own property.

"It was a very delicate matter," he said, "and required great consideration."

Mr. Medwin had not parted with any money for the work, which made it all the more difficult to take any steps.

A few days afterwards Mr. Medwin sent for me.

"I want to settle with you. Everything is arranged."

"Then you have got back the picture," I said.

"No; but it is all right. His lordship and I understand each other. He cannot imagine how I discovered the secret."

"It is the real picture?"

"Yes, decidedly. His lordship told me—but it must be kept in the greatest secrecy—that he found it impossible to separate from that picture, that he cut it out himself and that I am to have it at his death for the price I offered at the sale, less two thousand pounds I have to pay you. Not a bad fortnight's work."

—London Detective Stories.

HIS LAST ENGAGEMENT.

The glories of the entertainment have faded, down goes gas, out scurries audience. It is the last night of the season; and the band, sorrowfully gloomy every one, from the big drum down to the piccolo, are playing over said season's grave to give it decent burial. Even the first fiddle feels out of sorts. The bassoon has a tear-drop trembling on his left eye-lash, and lets it hang there, unsuspicious of the fact that all the while it glistens visibly in a tiny ray from the footlight. As for the violoncello next him, that cliff-browed, set-faced, hoary-headed old veteran of a score or two of pantomimes, surely, this particular pantomime's death grieves him but little.

Why should it—while he can twine his bony left arm around that old violoncello's neck as if it lived and loved him; when he can bend his grey head to its strings and hear the sweet pathos of their tones; when he can pass his long, skinny musician's fingers fondly over them to draw forth rich, soothing, swelling, falling, beautiful melody? Why should there be a quivering lip and trembling eyelash when the last chord comes?

The chord was struck and over. Out of the orchestra and already on his way home is the first violin; the cornet has brought up the rear with a cadenza morando; the big drum has closed his last roll; the second violin has packed up his fiddle-case; bassoon and violoncello remain alone with the dying lights in the hall.

"Dick!" said the bassoon quietly. Poor old white-faced violoncello never heeded. The left arm in its rusty sleeve still clasped the instrument's neck in that loving way; the old grey head bent down over the strings, with the eyes closed.

"Poor old chap!" observed the bassoon pityingly, as he turned up his coat-collar and tucked his instrument case under his arm. "Blowed if he ain't a playin' now!"

"Dick—Dick!" he repeated, tapping the old violoncello good-naturedly on the shoulder. The old man opened his eyes and awoke to the silence.

"Hallo, Tom Hornby! What—all gone? I thought"—he looked around him in disappointed inquiry, and spoke in a tone of sadness—"I thought" he repeated that second strain. "Well, well! How deaf I'm getting to be sure!" The rusty black coat heaved with a sigh as its wearer rose and shut his music.

"All gone but you, Tom?" he said sorrowfully. "Well, I won't deny I thought they might have wished me 'Good night,' or 'Good-bye,' or something of that sort, for the last night;

but I won't grumble. An old fellow who's as deaf as a post and has no body to mind him ain't no place in the orchestra. He'd better get out of the road as quick as he can, and make no fuss about it. Friends ain't in his line."

"Now come, Dick, old man," expostulated the bassoon, "don't go to speak like that. You know there's one chap as is sorry for you—dash my hide if he ain't! Yes, says I, Dick; count me as your friend as you like. There's a bed for you and the same fare as I has myself whenever you like to claim 'em; and if we can't find you another 'sit' somewhere directly, it's a pity. Blow me, it's a pity!"

"Tom Hornby, you're a good-hearted fellow," returned the violoncello gratefully, as his stolid face relaxed a little before the bassoon's genial smile. "A useless, old, worn-out blessing like mine ain't much to give anybody," he continued, "but such as it is, Tom, take it for your kindness; and may you never have such a black world before you as I've got now."

They shook hands; the bassoon stepped through the little narrow door beneath the stage, and his companion, bearing his unwieldy violoncello, extinguished the gas-jet as he followed him.

"Good-night, Dick; and don't be down-hearted, old man. Your next engagement will make amends."

"Good-night, Tom Hornby. God bless you."

Again they shook hands; then bassoon whistled off into the hurrying crowd at the stage door, and violoncello turned to face the wind the other way. Out into the bleak street where tiny rush-lights of lamps cast a melancholy glimmer or two upon crowds of hurrying faces, some fat and round, some red and well-favored, some blue and ill-favored—all hurrying along through the little snow-dots which the wind blew about. Old violoncello buttoned his rusty coat close, and turned up the collar as if the wind might find that an obstacle in its attacks upon his scraggy old throat, while he hugged that dingy big fiddle of his tight against his body, and settling his eyes straight before him, dragged his trembling knees in the direction they pointed. Up one street and down another; along a wide white road, lined with tall white mansions; down a narrow, wriggling, dark alley, lined with rickety lodging-houses. On he trudged through the gray, pulpy mud of trampled snow.

On and on to that dreary blank of future which lay before him, the old lack-lustre eyes fixed in that straight forward look of despair, the cold loneliness settling down upon his aged heart to brood there. For the season was over, and old violoncello had struck his last chord at the hall.

"You see, Dobbs," the leader of the orchestra had said, "now the full season's over, it's unreasonable to expect the management to keep up such a band, so much as it goes against me to say it, we must part."

"Quite right," had chimed in the manager with the ferocious mustache. "Establishment expenses must be cut down, my man; everybody can't stop on; so there you are! Might as well ask me to keep extra bandmen out of my own salary!"

So old violoncello struck his last chord and went with a leaden heart. Good-hearted Tom Hornby comforted him with hopes of that next engagement. But who would have him—poor, old, worn-out, deaf as he was? Nobody, he said. And his heart sank like a lump of lead as he thought of that answer.

The pulpy slush changed to white untrodden snow upon the path; the streets were quieter and darker. Old violoncello reached his humble lodging, admitted himself by his latch-key, climbed three flights of rickety stairs. In the tiny garret at the top of them was a fireless grate, a square white bed, a table, a chair, and a window—one broken pane of which was stopped with brown paper.

As he lighted his two inches of lean candle and showed these, the old man sat down upon the chair and bent his gray head upon the table. No tear was in his eyes when he lifted them. He drew his violoncello closer to him; he hugged it as he might a favorite child; then he bent his head once more upon the table, and his bow slipped to the floor from the numbed fingers which clasped it.

Lower and lower burned the candle, while outside, upon the bars of the window panes, white snow gathered higher and higher as the flakes kept falling.

When the blanched face was again upturned the eyes were moistened.

"So we've come to it at last, have we, old fiddle?" the old man moaned in apostrophe of his loved violoncello, as he stooped to pick up the bow. "We're old now, both of us; we're no use now. You're patched and cracked, and your master's deaf—

they don't want a pair like us now-a-days. You're ready almost for your last engagement. Yes, old fiddle, you've been a good servant to your old master, and you could do some thing, too, in your day; but so much longer—not very much longer. We're old now, they can do without us."

A tear dropped upon the forefinger broad, and the old man wiped it carefully off with his coat sleeve. "Yes, old friend," he continued, gazing affectionately at his battered companion of wood and strings, "we've been friends for long, but we're coming to our last engagement."

While the snow-flakes fell thicker and thicker against the window, soft and noiselessly the old man drew his bow across the strings in a half unconscious way, bending down his head to the instrument just as he always did. Though his ears were deaf he ought else, they never failed to drink in the tones which sprang from those vibrating cords. Slowly, weirdly, pathetically, the music rose and fell in gentle ripples round the room, so hushed and low that it awakened no echoes in the silent house. Only in that poor chamber would it wander; only around that poor old couple, instrument and player, would its sweet melody float. As he played, the old man's eyes gently closed, and from his face the lines of settled despair gradually cleared away till, only a happy smile was left beaming around wrinkles. The player's thoughts were far away; to him the cold room and the snowy window were become as nought. Back in the little garden of fifty years ago, in the arbor scented by the pinks and roses, with the dark velvet panes clustering the little plot at his feet, he was listening again to that same old tune as he heard it first, when the wife, long dead, sang the words, and he played the air upon that well-remembered violin. He could hear her voice; he could smell the roses' perfume. Surely it was the same violin he was playing now! From his closed eyes, down the white cheeks, tears dropped warm and fast upon the strings of the violoncello. He heeded them not; his thoughts were far away.

So the tune rose and fell, and the snow gathered thicker and thicker on the window-panes, till the candle on the little table flickered out. Yet the arm in the rusty sleeve did not weary in its slow regular motion; the cold fingers pressed the strings; the player did not awake to the darkness of the room.

"We're old now," he murmured; "they don't want us any longer."

His eyes were still shut; but the tune waxed slower, and slower, and slower, till it died altogether. The bow slipped from the old man's fingers; the gray head sank upon the table; the violoncello rested soundless against the breast of the rusty black coat.

When the morning came and bright sun-rays struggled through the snow-blocked window-panes, they shone upon a tiny table, a square white bed, a fireless grate, a patched and dingy violoncello. But the bow had fallen upon the floor, and the player's nerveless fingers hung white and stiffened upon the strings.

Old Violoncello had gone to his last engagement.

Ways of Committing Suicide.

Wearing thin shoes on damp nights and in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight" principle. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls through all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing in crowded rooms till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp night air.

Sleeping in feather-beds in seven-by-nine bedrooms.

Surfing on hot and highly stimulating dishes.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step of stimulation to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting uncongenial companions, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to so absorb our minds as to leave us no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties, when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Gormandizing between meals.

Giving away to fits of anger.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

RETURN OF SPRING.

By STELLA.

Gentle spring has come once more,
Making glad the hearts of the rich and poor,
Drowsy old winter last night ran away,
And for fully six months at least he shall stay.

The birds are singing a joyous song,
The children are playing the whole day long,
And dear mother in the garden doth sing,
A merry carol to welcome sweet spring.

The cedars are wearing a brighter hue,
The grass life its tender blades covered with dew,
And all by their brightening appearance would say,
We're all very happy this sunny day.

Soon the tender green leaves from the buds will burst forth,
And fierce wind will no longer blow from the north,
Dame Nature will turn them away with her rod,
And the pretty daisies will come forth from the sod.

The little lambs will skip about and play,
Sweet little birds will sing songs every day,
And whistling new seasons Dame Nature may bring,
Shall find none more welcome than merry young spring.

CINCINNATI.

Mr. R. P. McGregor, as it is well known, has a beautiful canoe which he always delights to take to some lake or river to sport every vacation. There is a lake near his home at Bond Hill, called Ross Lake. He spends much of his leisure on this lake with his canoe. One Saturday lately he was on the lake as usual, when a skiff containing two gentlemen who had too much "fire-water" on board, came along, and soon it was overturned and the men were pitched into the lake. Mr. McGregor immediately went to their rescue and dragged them to the shore. The men were filled with gratitude, and offered Mr. McGregor a handful of silver dollars and wanted him to take all. Mr. McG. refused to take any, but the men persisted till Mr. McGregor was obliged to take a dollar to get rid of them.

The Trades Union, of this city, gave a Monstrous picnic at Inwood Park last Sunday and Monday, and about fifty thousand persons attended it. Numerous excursions were made from neighboring cities. The Deaf-Mute community was well represented. Several mutes from Louisville and Jeffersonville, Ind., were on hand, though the writer did not see them. Among them, it is understood, was Henry Glasco, the "Wild Irishman," of Jeffersonville, Ind. He has long arms and can swing them as rapidly as those of a windmill.

Mr. Elmer Lewis, of Ind., has been working in a shoe factory for some weeks past, and I hope he will be located here permanently.

Lewis Whitaker, of Grant Co., Ky., spent Sunday before last in Porkopolis, taking in the elephant. He is engaged as a farm hand on the farm of Mr. Conyers, a speaking man, whose wife is a mute lady, formerly Miss Kinslear and sister of John Kinslear. She has four children. Her mother died last Christmas.

Mrs. Stephen Wilson, nee Miss Baird, of Kenton County, was in the city last week shopping. She has two children who are very bright. It is a curious fact that the children of a deaf and dumb couple are always smart and bright.

It is understood that Mr. Lewis Plennick, supervisor at the Columbus school, will resign his present place on the 20th of this month, and will take a similar position at the House of Refuge in this city. We heartily welcome him to our city

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50 Clubs of ten, 12.50 If not paid within six months, 2.50 These prices are variable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

That there will be a meeting of the Pennsylvania Alumni, of the Philadelphia Institution is an incontrovertible fact. The State Committee is composed of three go-ahead young gentlemen, on whom the cold water and wet blanket kind of talk concerning their project has no effect whatever. They have promptly and completely set at rest all discussion as to time and place. That Harrisburg will answer their purpose as well, or even better than Philadelphia, we see no reason to question, especially when we take into consideration the encouraging liberality of Governor Hoyt, who has offered the free use of the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, as a place where the Association can convene.

It has been asked by some, Of what use are these conventions? Although we cannot take it upon ourselves to answer a question which in order to do it justice would entail a lengthy reply, we can point out in the present case an instance of the good which can accrue from such a meeting. Do we not here find a public recognition of the usefulness and ability of educated mutes, when so public and illustrious a place to meet in is tendered by the highest official in the State of Pennsylvania. Will a meeting of intelligent mutes in the House of Representatives do good or harm? There can be but one answer to the question, which is: If the deaf-mutes who there assemble conduct themselves in a befitting manner, much good will result from their reunion. In order to have our merits as a class of capable, thinking, and acting beings, recognized, we must do something which will call public attention to our capabilities, and there is no better way to accomplish this, than a convention at which the intellectuality of its members will be prominently displayed in addresses, etc., prepared for the occasion.

We are glad that the Convention of Pennsylvania Graduates is assured, and hope that it will prove both pleasant and profitable to those who may attend.

Among the announcements which are made in this issue of the JOURNAL, none will give more widespread satisfaction than that contained in the two small words "No Beer." This means that no beer, or liquor of any kind, will be sold on the barge chartered by the Manhattan Literary Association to convey the picnickers to the grove where their annual picnic is to be held. But in this connection, there is another thing which has not been settled, and that is whether or not beer will be retailed at the grove. Unfortunately for affairs of the picnic character, those who are predisposed to taking a "smile" in the morning, will come to the picnic barge ready "primed" and with the wherewithal in their pockets to get into a beastly state of intoxication. Hitherto the picnics of the Association have been comparatively quiet and orderly affairs, though the disturbance which was occasioned by a couple of inebriates at the last one was greatly exaggerated. In picnics one can not choose his company. They are public affairs, and those who attend can not expect that everyone who goes will be rigidly correct in deportment. The excursion which will take place this year, will no doubt be a gathering of quiet and well-disposed persons, and if one or two exceptions occur, no one who attends need be troubled by them.

It is our greatest desire that liquor

of all kinds be eschewed on the occasion, and that the "boys," revelling in the smiles of damsels kind and fair, will find quite as exhilarating a substitute for beer in the mild and unassuming lemonade, which is indispensable at such gatherings, and without which a picnic of any kind would be a miserable failure.

NOTICES.

Through a conglomeration of circumstances unlooked for and beyond control, the publication of the *Lantern* must be discontinued. If those who subscribed will notify Mr. George Farley, 2291 Third Avenue, N. Y., in regard to the disposition of the balance due them, the matter will be attended to without delay.

Rev Mr. Mann expects to officiate at 10:45 A.M., at the Cathedral, and at 3 P.M., at St. James Church, Chicago on Sunday May 29th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Cincinnati Picnic.

Second Grand Picnic, given by the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society at Highland House, Thursday, June 30th, 1881. Music and dancing from 3 o'clock P.M. to 12 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grimm, of Detroit, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday, May 17th.

Miss Lottie Lyon, formerly connected with the Seamstress Department of the New York School, visited that institution on Sunday last.

J. H. Eddy, of the Rome School, is building a canvas canoe, a la Rob Roy, in which he proposes to spend part of his vacation prowling round. Hope he will take notes and give us the benefit of them.

The new building, 125x80 and three stories, for the Rome School, is rapidly approaching completion, and the Institution hopes to do most of its business under its own vine and fig-tree the coming term.

POSTMASTER GENERAL FAWCETT, of England, has been trying deaf and dumb men as clerks. They ought to be able to keep a secret. They will hold their tongues at any rate.—*New York Evening Telegram*, May 23.

In consequence of the Legislature refusing to make an additional appropriation for work in the office of the Secretary of State, at Sacramento, Cal., the number of clerks was diminished on May 1st. Mr. James C. Harlan, a deaf-mute, was one of the victims, but was fortunately transferred to the county clerk's office, at San Francisco, Cal., and now works in the Probate Department. He likes the new position very well.

The friends of Mrs. Julia Atkins, of Troy, N. Y., will regret to learn that she is dangerously ill with a broken blood vessel. The rupture occurred last Saturday (May 14), when she was suddenly taken sick with vomiting blood. Mrs. Williams, of New York, who boards at her home, exercises the greatest kindness in nursing her. Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of Troy, called to see Mrs. Atkins, and found her in a little more comfortable condition than before. The physician who attends her, hopes that she will recover.

A writer says:—A venerable mute, who is renowned as having worn out more wooden chairs while at the New York Institution than any other student in the annals of that noble school, recently had the cheek to declare that his association was better than the M. L. A. Of course it is, and that probably accounts for the conduct of some of its members, who make it a habit of standing in front of St. Ann's Church on Sundays, while exercises are being conducted inside, and attracting much attention by their ridiculous sign-making.

John G. Martin, father of Prof. A. M. Martin, of the Arkansas Institution, situated at Little Rock, and Sarah and George Martin, pupils, died at his residence at White River township, on the 5th of May, of rheumatism of the brain. Just before his death, Mr. Martin lost a deaf-mute child, about seven years old. In their double bereavement, Mrs. Martin and her children have the heartfelt sympathy of the community. Prof. Martin, ever faithful to his class, was absent only a few days in providing for his mother, and settling the estate.

Mr. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Philadelphia, has just been presented with an elegant gold watch by his affectionate brother, Eugene Alexander Houston, of Yonkers, N. Y., as a birthday present. Mr. Houston was greatly surprised and delighted with the handsome and valuable gift, and feels very much indebted to his brother for his kindness. Dr. E. Alex. Houston is an honored and respected citizen of Yonkers, N. Y., having lately been Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of that city and he was selected three times to that office. He holds at present several other offices, and is also First Lieutenant of D. Company, National Guard of Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Houston has always manifested a great interest in his deaf-mute brother, and often remembers him with presents of various kinds.

Mr. Read would be converted to Swedenborgianism if he should attend Prof. Emery's meetings for three months. This is the saying of certain enthusiastic followers of Mr. Emery in Chicago. We must be very credulous and credulous to believe that Mr. Emery is a great and good man. Also they think he is the purest minded man they have ever known. For many years we knew him before his followers began to live in Chicago. When we were "ignorant" we thought that his views, even in science, were not sound. It was about fifteen years ago. Now we are informed that the founder of Swedenborgianism professed to have intercourse with the spiritual world, distinguished between the Divine Word and Scripture. If Mr. Emery is a man of science, how can he profess to be a spiritualist? No true scientist can ever be a spiritualist, but he may be a Christian. A great many so-called scientists are infidels.—*Advance*.

A. Ballin, the promising young semi-mute artist, has removed to No. 4 West 14th Street, New York City.

Miss Harris, one of the teachers at the Maryland Institution, expects to sail next month to Europe on a tour of three months.

A correspondent asks for John Hogan's address. He used to live at 84 Avenue B, New York, but moved lately.

Thomas Johnson, of Toronto, Canada, has a large portrait of Rev. Job. Turner. It is worth \$40, and was executed by Mr. Mason.

A deaf-mute man was run over and killed on the Illinois Central R. R., in Iowa, on May 24. So writes Mr. E. P. Holmes to the *Advance*.

Messrs. Geo. Kent and A. Allison spent a very short time in Nashua, N. H., lately. Mr. A. expects to go to Haverhill, Mass., soon, to work.

James M. Witbeck, of Troy, N. Y., wrote 987 words on a postal card in Graham's Phonographic characters and sent it to his friend, of Canton, Ill.

"Why don't Capt. R. H. King, of Lexington, Ky., stop out in the mute world and have a little say about himself and things in particular?" So asks somebody.

In answer to the item which appeared in last week's JOURNAL, asking for the address of Mrs. E. C. Ould, we are requested to state that her address is Thomaston, Litchfield Co., Ct.

The deaf-mutes of St. Louis, Mo., will hold their Fourth Grand Annual Basket Picnic, at the Missouri Sharp Shooter's Park. The date has not yet been decided upon.

It is reported that Mr. Volker, who is back in Buffalo, N. Y., now, has secured good employment. He is working in his old place that burned last year. We wish him success in future.

Mr. Moses Smith, of Jonesville, N. Y., was in New York City a week ago. He visited Coney Island, the famous summer resort, and returned home after a stay of three or four days.

Mr. W. G. Harrison, residing at 714 North, 6th Street, Philadelphia, would like to know if any deaf-mute cooper can inform him where he can procure "lock-cutters." Will the *Advance* please copy.

Mrs. Michael Laughlin delivered a most excellent lecture on "Marriage and Drunkenness" before a large assemblage of deaf-mutes. She is said to be one of the fastest sign-makers in this State. She wants to know who can beat her.

Since the death of Mrs. E. Monroe, Mrs. Jane E. Williams has been living with Mrs. Atkins, in Lansingburgh, N. Y. If any of her friends desire to correspond with her, her address is 29 Market St., Lansingburgh, N. Y., care Mrs. J. A. Atkins.

The committee engaged in revising the Constitution and By-Laws of the Manhattan Literary Association met at their rooms on Monday last. The Committee is made up of five members of the Association, namely: Messrs. Froelich, Farley, Fitzgerald, Bach and Eckardt.

We clip the following, which relates to a deaf-mute, from the *Rock County Herald*, of Luzerne, Minn.:—Geo. W. Evans has completed this week, a crayon picture of Hon. P. S. Knies, taken from a photograph, which does great credit to the artist.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. E. S. Ely, mother of our principal. She died on the morning of April 25th, in the 69th year of her age. Mr. Ely was summoned to her bedside, but unfortunately did not arrive until a few hours after she had passed away. We sympathize with him very deeply.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

A. E. Volker made a pleasant call at the Rome Institution, and he said he was much pleased to visit the new school and see the bright faces. Speaking of their school, he said it appeared like "Sweet Home." He had a good time in conversing with the young ladies, Misses Ella J. Randall and Mary Semple. He had not seen them for six years. They look well and cheerful.

One of our correspondents reports hearing from time to time in different cities of a class already described, who go around pretending to be deaf. Their course has in many cases led to the jail and workhouse, and to think that these shameless creatures are taking lessons from an equally shameless element among our own community.

We (no matter who we are,) understand Mlle. "Mignon" will, as soon as school at the Indiana Institution draws to a close, go direct to St. Louis, Mo., to visit friends, at 2342 Olive St. She will doubtless have an immense time in the family she is visiting formerly resided at "Crescent City," and like all southerners are much given to hospitality.

Henry Harrington, of Chelmsford, Mass., has been suffering from a lame back since the fore part of April. The trouble came on him while asleep, and in the morning when he attempted to dress, he found himself unable to do so. The doctor said his side was paralyzed, but after a local application had been used, it gradually became better, and at present Mr. Harrington is as well as ever.

Mr. Josias Dovaile Mendez, formerly a pupil of the New York Institution, but who since he left school in 1876, resided in the Curacao, one of the islands in the West Indian Archipelago, is grieving over the death of his guardian, Mr. A. J. Dovaile, who died in Curacao, on the 19th of April. Mr. Dovaile sailed from New York in the brig *Thetis*, and arrived in Curacao about a month before his death. He had been ill for some time. He was buried in the family lot of Dovaile (Hebrew Temple). His wife and children reside in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The last Deaf-mute *Huckleberry* wonders why they cannot have regular meetings in the Iowa Institution, as well as in the one at Jacksonville. We are informed that there used to be teachers' meetings there, from 1870 to 1878, held every week and attended by all the teachers. Nor is the Illinois Institution the only one that now holds such meetings. We believe that they have been a part of the Ohio Institution for nearly thirty years. Under Mr. Stone they occurred weekly, and since his time, the successive Superintendents have gathered the teachers at regular intervals, never less frequently than once a month, for discussion of signs, and modes of teaching, and for advice and consultation as to the management of the school. Every large Institution, at least, should have a regular, wide-awake teachers' meeting.—*Chronicle*.

Mr. Varnum B. Wright, of Nashua, N. H., was in Hooksett, N. Y., three Saturdays ago, and had a very pleasant time there. He saw Mr. Thomas Brown at Mrs. Thomas N. Head's. Mr. Brown was pretty well. He talked to Mr. Wright in regard to their Mission in the State.

Mr. Jacques Loew sailed for Europe on the steamship *Britannia*, of the White Star Line, on Saturday last. His departure was saddened by the receipt of a letter announcing the death of his sister. Many of his deaf-mute friends went down to the dock and saw him off. He will return to New York in about three months.

Mr. William Gibson, of New York City, is engaged to be married to Miss Maggie Connor, the sister of a mute lady named Hannah Connor, of that city. Maggie is a charming young lady who has won the admiration of many young gentlemen. We wish them long life and prosperity, and hope nothing will mar their bright prospects.

The following is clipped from the *Utica* (N. Y.) *Observer*, of May 17th. Mr. Siegmán is a deaf-mute and has been employed for several years in the County Clerk's Office in Utica.—"On the night of election day a gang of rascals in the Eleventh Ward endeavored to pick a fight with Jacob J. Siegmán. Failing to do this they jostled against him, and finally managed to snatch his watch and a portion of the chain. The police being notified, the case was put into the hands of Officer Cronin to look up, which he did very systematically and effectively. After getting on the track of the watch the officer traced it through many hands until finally he learned that Michael Wheeler had sold it the morning after election for a very small sum. The watch is a fine gold one, worth probably \$100, and valued by Mr. Siegmán as a gift from his wife. Yesterday Officer Cronin arrested Wheeler and left the watch at the Police Station, to be given to Mr. Siegmán. Wheeler was taken to jail. Jesse Ballou, from whom Officer Cronin obtained the watch, was also held."

Fatal Railway Accident.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., May 14.—A deaf-mute ten years old, son of John Boly, was run over by a N. Y. P. & O. passenger train, near town yesterday morning, cutting off his legs. He died last evening.—*Columbus* (O.) *Times*.

It Was Not Mr. Vennor.

PRACTICAL JOKE PLAYED ON A PROFESSIONAL MAN OF PORT JERVIS.

An old and prominent lawyer of our village was made the victim of a pleasant practical joke one evening last week. He entered a Pike street drugstore where, seated at a desk and writing busily, was a venerable and respectable looking deaf-mute, who has been stopping in Port Jervis several weeks, and whose appearance is familiar to all our business men. Mr. Lawyer inquired of the druggist who the stranger was and received the reply: "That is Mr. Vennor, the famous weather prophet."

The lawyer was considerably surprised and determined to speak to the prophet and ask him about the weather. Clearing his throat and assuming the look that woe and miseries melt the hearts of judges, he stepped up to the desk and saluted the deaf-mute thus:

"How do you do, Mr. Vennor?" There was no answer, and the mute's pencil continued to travel over the paper indifferently. Determined to carry his case to the court of further appeal, the lawyer once more cleared his throat, and raising his voice almost shouted:

"How do you do, Mr. Vennor?" at the same time touching him on the shoulder. The mute dropped his pencil, straightened up for a minute, looked his visitor in the face, when the audible smiles of the bystanders informed the lawyer that he was sold. Solemnly swearing every one present to eternal secrecy, the disgraced lawyer bought the leopards drops for the crowd and departed. The secret leaked out through a telephone, and one Port Jervis lawyer blushes every time he hears the name of Vennor.

MARRIED.

THURSDAY—HARRIS.—On Thursday evening the 21st inst, at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Mr. Alexander D. Thurston and Miss Lizzie Herbst were married by Dr. Gallandet.

ST. LOUIS.

The Vulcan Steel Works, South St. Louis, Mo., where deaf-mutes (six in number) are employed, will be shut up for a month in June, for repairs. The mutes are obliged to lay off for a month to rest, and go to the lakes where their health will be improved. Among them is Mike J. Smith, the "boss," who has purchased a \$60 suit. Whether he contemplates marriage or not, we don't know. He is the manager of the Clerc B. B. C.; is a lightning pitcher, as well as a Judge Lynch, of the Kendalls.

Miss Bridget Cannon, formerly connected with the Missouri Institution, and whose skill as a shirt-maker of rank is well known, has given up working on her sewing machine, at the request of her physician, and is compelled to work as a button-hole sewer. She is perhaps the champion shirtmaker in the United States. She generally made from six to twelve shirts a day. Who next?

"Fatty" Tom, as he is usually called, is improving slowly. His ailment is Dropsy. The Doctor expresses the hope that he will be out of danger soon. James K. Watson, whose muscles were remarkably wonderful when he was a boy at school, and who could beat a big man thirty years old, is now clerking for his father. His brother is a clerk in the Pullman car office. He is a good base ball player, having been a regular member of the Pastime B. B. C., an amateur club in the south part of Chicago, whose members are of wealthy and high-toned families. Success to Jim.

The Clerc base ball club is in a flourishing condition, and has a strong nine. Its captain is M. J. Smith. The club is ready to receive challenges from Chicago and other cities not exceeding three hundred miles. Mr. Milton Carr was in our city recently, and looked as hale as a robust hen. He says he has a good place. He sports a new suit of clothes and a black monstache. Mrs. Martha Bailey, whose illness

was chronicled in the JOURNAL some time ago, is now in good health.

Mr. Cox, a notorious tramp from the sunny South, has been here looking for work.

LYNX.

"COLUMBUS."

THE DIAMOND—ANNUAL PICNIC AND SOME OF THE SPORTS CONNECTED WITH IT—TEACHERS' MEETING—ODDS AND BUPS.

For the first time this season the Independents tackled their ancient opponents—the Mutuals, of Capital University—last Saturday. The place chosen for the contest was the U. S. Barrack grounds; and here at the proper time some three hundred spectators, the "blue coats" largely predominating, gathered here to witness the game, which up to the 7th inning was extremely discouraging to the Independents and their friends. In this inning, however, the boys got down to their work in real earnest, and throughout the rest of the game it was watched with great interest.

We append the *State Journal's* account and notes of the game.

"Quite an interesting and exciting game of base ball took place on Saturday afternoon on the grounds of the Barracks between the Mutuals, of Capital University, and the Independents, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Private McCoy, of the Barracks, was umpire, and G. M. Schumaker and Mr. Pratt acted as scorers.

"There was a large crowd to witness the sport, and the excitement at times ran quite high. Up to the seventh inning the Independents had not made a run, while the Mutuals scored seven. The former then made some changes in men and scored six on the seventh and one in the eighth inning, making a tie, and neither increased the score on the last. The game closed just as the heavy storm came up, and it was concluded to repeat the performance and test of skill again one week from next Saturday.

"The following is the score made:

INDEPENDENTS.									
Legh, 2d base	AB.	R.	O.						
Woolley, c. f.	5	1	3						
Slutz, 1. b.	0	0	0						
Clement, s. s.	0	0	4						
Minego, l. f. and c.	4	0	4						
Dundon, p. and 3d b.	4	1	3						
Bowerman, 1. b. and l. f.	4	2	2						
Bush, r. f.	4	1	1						
Ryn, c. and l. b.	4	1	2						
Patton, 3. b. and p.	4	1	3						
Totals	39	7	27						

MUTUALS.									
Baum, 2. b.	AB.	R.	O.						
Dietrich, c. f.	5	2	3						
Slutz, 1. b.	0	0	0						
Schaffer, s. s.	4	0	4						
Nicol, 3. b.	4	0	3						
Prie, p.	4	0	4						
Loewenthal, c. f.	4	1	2						
Schnur, r. f.	4	0	3						
Kropf, l. f.	4	0	4						
Totals	39	7	27						

NOTES.									
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Independents.	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	1	0-7
Mutuals.	3	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0-7

The Independents claim that the Mutuals had it all their own way up to the sixth inning.

David Patton, the young man who commenced pitching for the Independents at the end of the sixth inning, is only nineteen years old. He showed some of the skill and grit which enters into the make up of first class pitchers.

Frank Minego, the catcher, who went behind the bat at the beginning of the seventh inning, is only nineteen years old, and surprised his closest friends by the work he did. Patton and Minego are not a slow team.

When a club is just ready to lay its hand on victory, it is not pleasant to have it snatched away in the closing moments. That is what the Mutuals thought.

The deaf and dumb had didn't howl and make much noise about it, but they had a good time in the way of physical demonstrations.

We mentioned in our last week's letter the resignation of Mr. Lewis W. Flenniken, as Supervisor of the Institution. That this action of his was deeply regretted, and that he was highly esteemed by his associates here, will appear from the following:

"At the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Thursday evening, after supper, the main hall around the fountain was the scene of a very pleasant surprise and presentation, yet the proceedings were mingled with deep regrets over the early departure of one who had made himself almost a fixed necessity around the institution. The victim of the surprise was Mr. L. W. Flenniken, a late supervisor, who left for Cincinnati to enter upon the duties of a new and similar position. It is needless to say that Mr. Flenniken had the esteem and good will of all about the institution.

"The pupils, teachers and all employees had gathered in the hall, presenting quite a formidable congregation, when Mr. Flenniken was brought out to face Superintendent Perry, who addressed him in the sign-language, making the following clever speech:

"Lew—We are sorry, sorry indeed, to see you leave us. During the nine years you have gone in and out before us, you have steadily won your way into the esteem and confidence of those who best know you in the institution with whose interests you have been so closely identified, and in the city at large. Particularly fortunate have you been in gaining the affectionate trust of those young friends grouped about you here to-night. Yet, honorable duty calls you elsewhere, and if we would, we must not bid you stay. Accept this beautiful travelling case, the united gift of many

who love you well. Judge not of its contents by its size, for you will find it filled to bursting with good wishes and the gift of a "Saratoga." And, as from time to time you make use of the conveniences with which it is stored, we are sure that you will recall with the memory of this occasion, pleasing yet sad, the faces of its givers, young and old. A carpet-bag it may be called, yet carpet-bags, you know, as well as they who carry them, range in style all the way from shoddy to superfine, and we are confident that this article, elegant, yet compact, will not disgrace by its quality or finish its bearer, whose initials familiar to us all as a household word, adorn its front. These fresh blooms that lie beside it must droop and fade, but the unwithering flowers of our friendship shall survive the passing years."

Mr. Flenniken was deeply affected by this sudden surprise and the remarks of Mr. Perry, and it was some time before he could proceed to respond which he did as follows:

"DEAR FRIENDS: I desire to thank you for this very handsome gift. I can not thank you enough for it; beautiful and precious as it is, in itself, it is doubly so to me, as a token of your friendship and esteem. I am proud and happy to accept it, but far greater are my pride and happiness to know that I leave you with your good will and regard; that it is appreciated and will ever be highly prized and well used. I can not let this occasion pass without letting you know, dear children, that I very much regret leaving you. To look after you, to wait on you, and to see that your many little wants were daily supplied, were among my most pleasant duties, and to think that these must pass into other hands than mine fills my heart with sadness. If I had only my own personal inclination to consult, I would not so much as harbor the idea of going away from you and the many happy associations formed here. Although the morrow's train will carry me away from you to my new home near Cincinnati, my heart will ever return to the dear old institution here. I shall always retain a warm interest in your welfare. I hope you will all continue to be diligent and obedient pupils, and become useful and honorable citizens when you leave school. Thanking you for remembering me so kindly, I bid you one and all an affectionate farewell."

The traveling case is quite a handsome piece, having compartments for hair and clothes-brushes, soap-box, vial for tooth and nail brushes, and comb, all of which were filled with the articles in addition to towels and several other small presents. We are sure the gift is highly prized by Mr. Flenniken, not for its worth alone but also for the meaning it conveys.

Thursday was the time fixed for the annual picnic to come off at the fair grounds, but Vennor spoiled the programme by sending on weather that was not of the picnic kind, so Friday was substituted for the fete to occur. Even on the morning of this day the horizon looked threatening, and the air was somewhat cool, but it was determined to take the risk, and fortunately the weather, later in the day, proved as fine as one could desire for such an occasion.

The boys were taken out first, the Oak St. railway being patronized, and an hour later they met the girls at the gate. Until 12 M., the time was spent in various games usual on such occasions. At that hour, all were called together, and grace having been said, every one, from pupil up to Superintendent, was given a paper bag which contained the picnic lunch, besides two lemonade tickets. Relishes, cheese and pickles, were also passed around.

Lunch over, a break was made for the grand stand, from where the following programme was witnessed:

GRAND STAND—2:30 P.M.

1. THE LONG KICK.
2. SACK RACE.
3. THE LONG THROW.
4. THREE-LEGGED RACE.
5. THE BEST BAT.
6. THE TUG OF WAR.
7. 100 YARDS DASH (boys).
8. 40 do do (old gents).
9. GLADIATORS.
10. AUNT SALLY.
11. WHEELBARROW RACE.
12. BICYCLE & BIPE RACE.

P. P. PRATT, C. N. HASKINS, E. J. SCOTT, Committee.

In the long kick, ten contestants entered, and Harry Bard was the winner, kicking the foot ball a distance of 139 feet 9 inches.

The prize bestowed upon the successful winner was a rosette badge.

Correspondence.
[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Helping the Needy.

LITERARY EVENTS.

Class Sociable.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

That the inhabitants of the Green are possessed of benevolent natures, has been amply attested by the generosity with which they have responded to the call for aid for a needy family. As we maintained in our last letter, when it became known that the family of the workman who was killed by a fall from the gymnasium, was in straitened circumstances, a subscription list was circulated. The collection of funds was entrusted to a committee selected by the Sunday school managers, and the report of the committee is most satisfactory.

The committee presented their lists to all who were in any way connected with the college, and met with most satisfactory returns. The total amount raised by subscription was ninety-six dollars and sixty-seven cents. To this, by vote of the members, one half of the Sunday school charity fund, amounting to nineteen dollars, was added, making a grand total of one hundred and fifteen dollars and sixty-seven cents. This is indeed a very good showing, and as our President remarked, does honor to the charitable feelings and enthusiasm of our Sunday School. Part of the whole amount has been placed at the disposal of the widow, while the rest will be allowed to accumulate interest.

LITERARY EVENTS.

Our time-honored "Lit." held its final literary meeting of the college on Friday evening, May 20th. Upon the occasion a most entertaining programme was presented, and was carried out in a highly pleasing manner. The order of exercises opened with a lecture by Prof. Gordon, on "Kit North," the pseudonym title of John Wilson, the name well known among Scottish literati. The lecture was delivered in clear signs and was full of humorous anecdotes describing the characteristics of the subject of discourse. Following the lecture, was an essay by Mr. Larson, '82, who had selected "Thinking" as his topic. His remarks proved that he followed his preaching. A debate on "Are the inequalities of rank and condition in society favorable to the advancement in learning," next occupied the attention of the society. Upon the side of the affirmative, Messrs. Palmer, '84, and Fox, '83, discussed the question. Messrs. Deem, '85, and Saxton, '82, attended to the interest of the negative side. The question was adjudged in favor of the affirmative. A scene from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," entitled "The trial of Antonio," was given in graphic style by Messrs. Schory '81, Long '81, Hammer '81 and Coleman '82, and finally Mr. Dougherty '82, declaimed Addison's "Cato's Soliloquy." This brought the exercises to a conclusion, and we may say they show of what value the "Lit." is to those who have the good sense to belong to it. It is by being connected with such societies that young men are enabled to give their mental abilities full play, while at the same time they become familiar with the parliamentary ways.

Very poor luck has been attending the matches of the Kendall club, as we are as yet unable to chronicle a victory. The latest defeat was that experienced by the second nine in a match game with the second nine of the Alexandria High School. As usual, the Kendall's started out with a good lead, but failing to maintain it were defeated. But five innings were played, with the following result by innings:

Kendall (2d nine).	-	1	2	3	4	5-8
Howard (2d nine).	-	1	2	3	4	5-14

The first nine will be pretty busy during the coming week, as they will probably play on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. We are not certain, but yet feel confident that they will win one, two, or possible the whole three matches. Should they do so, it will be a returning of their glory, which has lately been going to the dogs, as the saying is.

Eighty-one will probably institute a new custom by giving a

CLASS SOCIABLE

upon the last evening of the college year—June 21st. Preparations are already under way, and considerable enthusiasm is being shown by the class to make the affair a success. The only doubt at present is whether the Gym. will be ready in time to have it come off in that building. In case it should not be finished in time, Dining Hall will become a ball room

on the occasion. It is yet too early to surmise what the programme will consist of, but we all feel certain that the college year will end in a scene of joyous festivity. But before the end comes, our old friend—Examination—must be received and suitably entertained. There are doubtless many of us who could do without this quarterly receipt, but as it will come it must be met.

CHIPS.

Mr. Ballard has returned. Mr. Keep and daughter, of Hartford, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Denison.

Ye autograph fiend has arrived, and poetry is being quoted by the ton.

The Natarium in the Gym. has been completed, and has a neat appearance.

Mr. Long, of Ohio, will deliver the valedictory address to the Lit. on Friday evening, June 3d. Mr. Dougherty, '82, is the reply orator.

With this term the "Prep." classes go out of existence. Hereafter it will be "Introductory," and probably the members of the class will be "Ducks."

Messrs. Larson, '82, and Allabough, '84, leave for Cleveland, Ohio, Monday evening, to act as delegates from this College at the Y. M. C. A. Convention, which assemblies in that city on the 25th.

Miniature base ball matches are the latest novelties in outdoor exercises. They are glorious sport and quite as exciting as match games with all the necessary watchfulness and acumen.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, May 21, '81.

To the Pennsylvania Alumni.

On the 10th inst., the State Committee on arrangements for the Pennsylvania Convention, received a letter from Mr. J. T. Elwell, which announced the withdrawal of himself and Mr. Trist from the Philadelphia Local Committee, he stating among others the following reasons for their action:

"The private affairs of Prof. Trist and myself, together with the following reasons necessitate our withdrawal as Chairman and Secretary and members of the Philadelphia Local Committee, even were it not for the fact that we find ourselves unable to act for want of a quorum, and the inability of filling up with competent persons the vacancies caused by the resignation of Messrs. Guss, Breen and Ziegler."

The next day, the Chairman called a meeting of the State Committee, and offered up the following resolutions, which were adopted, first by it, and afterwards by all the Pennsylvania students:

WHEREAS, We have been officially notified that the Local Committee of Philadelphia has been dissolved by the resignation of Messrs. B. D. Ziegler, W. E. Guss and Thomas Breen, as members thereof, and, finally, by the withdrawal of Messrs. J. T. Trist (Chairman) and J. T. Elwell (Secretary) from the same.

WHEREAS, From what we read in the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, and, too, were informed of by letters from Philadelphia, we have come to the conclusion that ill-feeling among the members of that city, especially toward one member of the dissolved Committee—the first officer of the subject of the enterprise now progressing—led to the dissolution of the Local Committee.

WHEREAS, From what we read, heard, or observed, we infer that it is the desire of the members of the Pennsylvania Convention, that there should be held a convention in the summer of 1881; therefore,

Resolved, That in view of the general expectation of the members of the State that there will be held a convention during the coming summer; the State Committee feels that it is not desirable to disappoint them by not having one this year.

Resolved, That, since there seems to be no possibility of securing peace and harmony among certain members of Philadelphia, the State Committee thinks that, should an attempt be made to have a new Local Committee formed in that city, another attempt would probably be made to have said committee dissolved, and, consequently, the progress of the enterprise would be retarded or embarrassed.

Resolved, That the State Committee, therefore, recommends that Harrisburg, the place of Philadelphia as already selected, be the place for holding the proposed Convention; because it is its opinion that the former place is the surest way to the success of the said convention; and

Resolved, That, having been adopted by the State Committee, these resolutions be read to the Pennsylvania students for their approval or disapproval.

The chairman was also authorized to write to Gov. Hoyt, requesting the use of the Hall of the House of Representatives. His letter and the answer will speak for themselves.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HIS EXCELLENCY, GOV. HOYT:

SIR:—It has been decided that a general convention of the alumni of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia, should be held in Harrisburg, Pa., on August 24th, 1881, and continue in session not less than three days.

As authorized by the State Committee on arrangements for which I have the honor of being Chairman, I respectfully request you to allow us to have the use of the Hall of the House of Representatives for holding the said convention. Let me add that our permanent office in holding said convention is to have an Alumni society formed in Pennsylvania.

Very Respectfully Yours,

R. M. ZIEGLER,

Chairman State Committee.

May 11, 1881.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

HARRISBURG, May 17, 1881.

MR. R. M. ZIEGLER, CHIEF STATE COM. ETC.:

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to inform you that, per request of Gov. Hoyt, the House at its session last evening granted your Association the use of Hall of the House for your meeting, commencing on August 24th inst.

Yours truly,

J. D. FATTERSON,

Resident Clk. H. R.

In regard to the time for holding the Convention, the Committee had at first fixed on August 31st, but the change of place, also necessitates a change in time.

Besides the above, changes relating to the Local Committee will be made, and made public farther on.

Per Order of Committee.

S. G. DAVIDSON, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20th 1881.

FANWOOD

"Election Day."

SCRATCHINGS HERE AND THERE.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The annual election of officers and directors, which takes place every year at this Institution on the third Tuesday in May, came off May 17th. Besides the election there is also an exhibition of the pupils on the same day, which the directors and their friends and such outsiders as are invited, attend. The new directors who were elected to serve for three years are Morris K. Jesup, Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL.D., Thatcher M. Adams, George F. Betts, Samuel Thorne, James O. Sheldon, Geo. A. Robbins and William M. Halsted. They were all old members of the Board whose term had expired, and they were re-elected.

Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst D.D., was elected to serve for one year in place of Rev. Wm. Adams D.D., LL.D., deceased.

After the election, which took place at about one o'clock, the directors and their friends assembled in the chapel. The day being a rather stormy one, the chapel was only half filled by the visitors and the pupils occupied the upper part.

The exercises were opened by Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL.D., who made a brief speech. Then Dr. Peet gave an exhibition of the pupils, beginning with the youngest and ending with the highest classes.

One of the principal features of the exhibition was the exercises in articulation by Miss Garret's class of mute boys from the Mansion House Branch. They had been under her instruction about two months, and showed surprising proficiency for so short a time. Prof. E. H. Currier, who has charge of the articulation department, illustrated the method of teaching by Bell's system, with illustrated charts. After he had finished, Miss Garret mounted the rostrum with her pupils, the oldest of whom was under twelve years of age. She carried on the exercises wholly by articulation, no signs being made whatever. She first told her pupils to write their names, which they did correctly, then each in turn repeated it. Great hopes are centred in this class, and it has made a first rate beginning.

Next, Prof. Currier's class mounted the stage, and after repeating in concert a selection from Scripture, they were asked some questions by the audience, which were answered correctly. One of the boys described the State of Pennsylvania in a clear voice. Another described New York. Both were easily understood.

The first division of the High Class then mounted the platform and wrote short addresses. They were followed by the second division, who answered in writing such questions as the audience might give them. While they were writing on the slates, Miss Felver and Mr. R. Palmer, both pupils of the second division of the High Class, delivered a dialogue called the "choice of authors," by the oral method. They spoke very plainly, and were applauded on retiring.

Mr. Arthur L. Thomas delivered in signs a poem, called "An Ode to the Obelisk," which was well adapted to the occasion.

Peter Meade, little "shaver" of eight from the Tarrytown Branch, then told the story of Old Mother Hubbard and her dog. The little fellow's signs and queer actions kept everybody in a good humor.

Miss Montgomery's class—our choir—then delivered the beautiful poem, beginning with

"My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring."

in beautiful signs. They also said the Lord's Prayer.

The exercises came to a close with a short prayer by Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, D.D.

Mr. C. W. Van Tassel, one of the teachers of the Tarrytown Branch, attended the exercises and remained at the Institution the next day. In the evening, in the boy's study room he had a long chat, and stories were told of old times. The next day he delivered the morning sermon in the chapel, and gave a sketch of his work at Tarrytown. He says all are doing well there. He looked as hale and hearty as he did two years ago when he left Tarrytown, and seems as vigorous as any of the boys here.

Mr. Moses Smith, an old pupil of the 50th St. Institution, who graduated in 1852, visited the Institution on the 19th inst. He is one of the largest real estate brokers in the place where he resides, which is somewhere in Saratoga County, N. Y., and is also a leader in all public affairs of that place. He is a semi-mute. He is married to a deaf-mute lady, also a graduate of this Institution. They have three children. The oldest—a daughter—is married. The oldest son is engaged in the hardware business in this city. The other is at present attending school. He gave a brief sketch of his life, and it is an example of what a person with pluck and enterprise can do, although a deaf-mute.

Mr. John McCarthy, a graduate of

the Halifax, N. S. Institution, a baker by trade, who has been out of employment on account of some difficulty with the trades union in Boston, where he has been employed for some time past, called at the Institution on May 19th. He sought a recommendation, but as it was impossible to give him one without knowing of what he was capable, he was put in the Institution bakery. The foreman of that place after a few days' trial, pronounced him a good hand, and he is still in the bakery.

SWEEPINGS.

Rain. Nothing but rain all the week.

Spring poetry is flowing like water. The latest production is "Sunset."

Boating is going rapidly in favor.

Swimming was attempted by some, and after the first dive, they gave vent to their feelings when asked how it was by "bully."

Frank Nutt, hailing from New Jersey, was admitted to the Institution on May 18. He was placed in the Mansion House.

Circulars are being sent to the parents of pupils informing them when school closes, and when the fall term begins.

Mr. W. G. Jones, delivered a very interesting lecture before the Fanwood Literary Association, on the evening of Saturday, May 14th. Owing to the length of the story he could not finish it then, but he delivered the rest on the evening of the 22d.

On Saturday, the 21st inst., the "Evangeline" took a merry party over to Fort Lee, on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The young ladies who had the luck to be invited were: Misses Jane D. Lavery, Caddie B. Felver, Mary Gallagher, Emily Wells, Mary Weyant and Annie C. Bryan. The rudder was under the able management of Mr. W. S. Crittenden. The "men" at the oars were G. S. Porter, J. F. Donnelly, F. Crocker and C. F. Montgomery. A Capelli occupied the position of "bow-boy." After a short ramble on Jersey soil, the party returned to the boat. Nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the day.

HEN QUILL.

A Ladies' College.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We had thought that the subject on the Ladies' College had been abandoned, but the little Rhody lady and Angie Fuller are stirring up the "light of the oilless lamp." I admit that they are true friends of the worthy cause, but don't comprehend its practicability at present, even for twenty years to come. I advocate the higher education of the fair sex, but for the present a good high class is the ample means.

Need not bothered by the turn-up noses. Singular enough, nearly all very intelligent mutes marry much less educated girls.

I must say that President Gallaudet has been grossly misrepresented as an opponent of the said education. Last winter, in Washington, I ascertained that there were several lady students in the college during its first year, and he did well to help them through this course, but they were discouraged and one by one left the college. At last President Gallaudet simply said that he thought it unnecessary at present for the ladies to have a college of their own.

I don't think that the National College is shut forever against them, and am of opinion that they still have a right to it.

Of course, the Congress has power to alter the charter to the effect if need be.

President Gallaudet and professors are impartial, and no one expects any favor. Certainly no easy task to go through the college. Nearly all that go through their course successfully are semi-mutes. Many applicants have been rejected on account of their deficient knowledge in school studies, and have to go to the preparatory class or go home; and many others give up after two years progress.

How can the ladies expect to do better than the gentlemen? Talk is easy.

I don't agree with Little Rhody in the regard to cookery in a Ladies' College or Seminary. I don't say it is impracticable, but ridiculous and absurd. It means their preparation for married life. They can learn it at home if they take pains.

During my family's absence in the North, I was left behind in Florida, ignorant of cookery and no bakery near. I had to do my cooking, and by a little practice and learning from a cook-book, I became a tolerably good cook at the age of forty-two years! I bet that I could make better yeast bread than Little Rhody. The trouble was slowness; and I was satisfied that a man was not made to keep house.

WM. K. CHASE.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

The Convention of the Alumni of the Philadelphia Institution will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, city of Harrisburg, on the 24th of August next, and continue in session for not less than three days.

Notice will in due time be given through the JOURNAL of reduced rates of transportation and hotel accommodations, etc.

The paramount object of the Convention will—it should be borne in mind—be the forming of an Alumni society. The State Committee will do all in its power to render the occasion a success, and every graduate should make it his or her pleasure, as well as duty, to be present.

R. M. ZIEGLER, Chairman.

S. G. DAVIDSON, Secretary, State Committee.

R. M. ZIEGLER, Chairman.

S. G. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

The Manhattan Literary Association.

ITS COMING EXCURSION.

NO BEER.

Life Insurance.

CARAMELS, ETC.

A regular business meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association was held at their rooms on the 12th inst., but on account of the absence of the president and the slim attendance of members, but little of importance occurred.

It has been the misfortune of the society in time past almost regularly at its meetings, to have a number of undesirable non-members, whose chief aim seems to be the interruption of the proceedings. At the last meeting much disorder was caused by these fellows, most of whom are members of another association. As a slight remedy for the existing evil, we suggest that the secretary of the M. L. A. be authorized to write to the head of their society giving the names of the disturbers, and ask his influence to prevent them causing further annoyance. If this does no good we propose that upon their interruption of any meeting they be instantly ejected from the rooms, and be debarrd from further attendance for a period not less than one month.

Considerable dissatisfaction has been found by the "gentler sex" with a motion passed at a recent meeting of the society, authorizing the sale of beer on their coming excursion. Many declared their firm determination to "boycott" the affair if intoxicating beverages were sold on board the boat and their influence would soon make itself felt. Consequently some of the most intelligent members put their heads together at the meeting of the 19th inst., in the total rout of the beer brigade. Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!! For this good action the association deserves praise, and should be liberally encouraged in its well-doing by the attendance at its excursion of a large number of gentlemen and ladies. Tickets at the following price. Gentlemen 50 cents. Ladies (and boys between 10 and 15 years of age) 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

On the morning of the 13th of July, boats will leave pier foot of East 8th Street at 7:30 A. M., West 11th Street at 8:30 A. M., and then proceed down the bay, passing the 'castle' on Governor's Island and soon enter the Kill Von Kull. 'Sailors Snug Harbor,' a home for aged and worn out seamen, will soon come in sight. 'Bergan Point,' a well-known summer resort, on the Jersey shore, with its numerous hotels and attractive boarding establishments can be seen to advantage from the deck of the barge, as can Elm Park, a popular excursion ground opposite. A good view of the long railroad bridge over the mouth of the Passaic River can be had, and also a glance at the bankrupt city of Elizabeth, and then Ho! for Englewood Park, a sight of Sandy Hook, and the invigorating breezes of the ocean.

On this occasion, among the gentlemen and ladies well-known to the readers of the JOURNAL, the mutes of this vicinity would particularly be pleased to see present, are Tutors Hotchkiss, Draper and Ballard, of the National College, McGregor, "Columbus," Parkinson, Misses Mollie Mann and Hubbard, and the famous "Mr. Why." "We, Us & Co." of Ohio, Frank Read, of the Adeline, Allman and Kerr, the celebrated Michigan artist; Sidney H. Howard and Miss Maggie Bennett, teachers in the Flint School and jewels of "Old Fanwood," should not miss the opportunity for meeting their old friends and schoolmates of by-gone days. Carroll, of the Companion, and Mr. and Mrs. Dean, should try and make it convenient to be present at this enjoyable occasion. From the Eastern States, George Holmes, John T. Tillinghast, Frank C. Davis and his charming wife, Newhall, the "Little Giant," and Krause, the "Big One," Frisbee, Vorheis, Stanton, Wheeler, Misses Soper, Porter, Howes, Gifford, Chaffin, Dudley, Axt, Pease, Gorham D. Abbott and Harry White, would be royally welcomed at the excursion by their friends. From this State the following prominent persons should make it a point to be present: Dr. L. L. Peet, Prof. Weston Jenkins, and many of the teachers of the New York Institution. H. C. Rider, the popular editor of the JOURNAL, Chamberlain, Selmeier, Knight and a host of others too numerous to mention.

Why not?

Years ago, when such men as Carlin, Chandler and other "Shining Lights," took an active part in the affairs of our class, the subject of life insurance for the deaf was thoroughly discussed at the different conventions and in the mute papers of the time. Committees were appointed at the former, to consult insurance men who made elaborate reports, which were

afterwards consigned to the waste basket, and nothing more was done. Recently the subject was revived by a teacher of the Central New York Institution, but we think little good can come from his self-imposed task for reputable insurance companies vigorously decline to take risks from those who can not hear. Although in sound bodily health and not addicted to the use of intoxicating drink or the use of tobacco in any form, we were rejected because—because we were deaf. We next tried to join a benefit society, but found the same obstacle in the way, which prevented us from effecting an insurance on our life, and have now given up all attempts of the kind, at least as far as oral people are concerned. We see no reason why deaf-mutes cannot form a substantial society which would insure the lives of those connected with it. Say that said association had 3,000 members; upon the death of a brother or sister of the order an assessment of \$1 be laid on all surviving members, would amount to a very handsome sum. Such a portion of this money as the deceased members degree entitled him to, should then be paid over to his family or the persons named in his application entitled to receive it, the balance, if any, to go to form a reserve fund. Upon the death of any member, which was caused by intoxicating drink, suicide or walking on the railroad track unaccompanied by a hearing person, no benefit should be paid or expected. Such a society should and could be formed among our class, and the leading mutes throughout the country should bestir themselves to that end.

Some time ago, while the first Vice-President of the National Convention was in town, we mentioned the project to him, and was not surprised to find that the same idea had long been held by him, and as he is Chairman of the committee appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for that young society, something on the subject of life insurance may be expected from him at the New York Convention in 1883. In the meantime it would be well to agitate the subject through the columns of the JOURNAL, and at all local reunions, so that at the next National Convention, something definite can be accomplished without further delay. We have not the time to discuss this subject more at length, but having brought it to the attention of our class, we hope others more competent will keep the ball in motion so that good may come of it.

CARAMELS.

Mr. George P. Lockwood, of Brooklyn, who some time ago went to the country for the benefit of his health, which was much run down, is expected to return home some time during the coming week.

On a Sunday, recently, as we were leaving St. Ann's Church, we were shown a copy of the *Silent World*, of Canada, and our attention called to the lines stating that "three-fourths of the officers of the M. L. A. were Jews." This is a mistake, an intentional one we believe, but even if it were true, what of it? Certainly, the Hebrew mutes of our society are as intelligent and as gentlemanly as any in this vicinity. The last President of the association, and the best it has had in the past five years, is a Jew; the person styled "the famous lady-killer,"

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form" is another; the names of many other Hebrews, all good fellows, could, if it were necessary, be mentioned. We are now living in the nineteenth century, and not in the bigoted times of long ago; besides this is a free country, and one is allowed to worship God as he chooses, though whether the thing holds good "way down in Maine," we know not, but hope so.

Samuel W. McClelland is once more working in the Metropolis at his trade. We hope he will not again leave it, as such jolly fellows as he are an acquisition to our mute society. Somebody is engaged in the very small business of sending anonymous communications, of an insulting kind, to different persons in this vicinity. We have seen a couple, and from the postmark, we know they came from Harlem. Does Barney Clark know anything of the matter; if not, will he use his best endeavors to find out the rascal so that he can be horse-whipped?

Tickets for the M. L. A.'s excursion are out, and can be had from any member of the association. Persons from a distance, who intend to be present, should get their tickets immediately. Names of such will be made known through the columns of the JOURNAL.

If "Mignon" supposes she mentioned the only things "big" to take place this summer, she should attend our excursion.

Some time ago, we noticed an article defending a workingman, who had the barefaced impudence to attend a certain meeting in anything but a cleanly condition. He was ridiculed and laughed at, of course, but the writer thereof says: "We must respect the workingman." Certainly, here we agree. It is not necessary that a workingman should dress in broadcloth, neither is it expected, but he should have enough self-respect to at least keep his hands and face clean, and his clothes and shoes well brushed outside of the working house. Habitually dirty fellows deserve nothing but contempt, as

"A want of decency is a want of sense."

Those who were present at Dr. Gallaudet's lecture on his "trip to Europe," were doubtless greatly amused at his description of a "tug

of war" on board the steamship, between the ladies of this country and England. Such sport will doubtless take place on the M. L. A.'s excursion, between teams from Boston, Philadelphia, and winding up by a "tug" between the Empire State and the rest of the world.

AMERICUS.

May 20, 1881.

INDIANA.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,"

A branch has been added to the genealogical tree of the house of Houdyshell. The addition was made on the 15th of May, A. D., '81. The petite urchin tipped the scale at ten pounds.

"Mother's wishes crowned with joy,
Doctors—Nurses—Little boy."

Mamma is glowing finely, and Papa is as happy as the original big Sun flower.

There are sixteen graduates this year. Quite a lot, but some of them will likely be excused from speaking. Miss Shroyer has just blossomed out in her new brocaded satin. 'Tis lovely. Who and what next we wonder.

Miss Lowe's friends are urging her to spend the greater part of her vacation at Evansville, but she has not yet made up her mind. We believe we once heard a young man say: "I know a maiden head can't be so hard a point de vue."

Miss Hiatt will rusticate in Iowa the better part of her vacation.

Mr. Gregory contemplates going to Colorado, and staying there provided he can get a place to teach young ideas how to toe the mark quite lively. Of what the rest propose doing, or are going to do, we know not.

Miss Sheridan will come over to the city after the finale at Jacksonville, and make quite an extended visit among her numerous friends.

We're run short for news and must be brief this time. But every little helps, you know, and next time you may expect more of us.

Hastily,

SANS SOUCI.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A Candy Wedding.

Notwithstanding its name, there was not a candy to be seen there. Being conscious of the rapidly approaching warm months which would preclude the possibility of having many more social parties, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dunlap determined, on the 20th of May, to wind up the festive season by adding one more of those pleasant social gatherings to the long list of others which we have enjoyed the past winter. The above party was under the management of Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Juhring, and it is needless to say was a success in every respect, and *par excellence* one of the best. Dancing—lancers, waltzing, etc., was under the management of one familiar with the ways of tripping the light fantastic toe; playing games, such as forfeit, cards, post-office, cracking jokes at the expense of others who good-naturedly took and returned them, witty stories told, etc., were the order of the evening. To add to this, there were a number of charming hearing ladies, who did much

Grandpa's Blessing.
BY FANNY CROSBY.
We were gathered after supper,
On a cold and frosty night,
In a cozy little parlour,
Oh! how cheerful, warm, and bright.
And our grandpa said, "My children,
Have you all been well to-day?"
Then each tiny voice was silent,
While we knelt to hear him pray.
I shall never forget the burden
Of that simple, fervent prayer:
"Lord, I thank thee for thy goodness,
And thy ever watchful care,
I must soon lay down my armor,
For my years are well nigh told,
But I long to see these dear ones
Gathered in thy earthly fold,
Guard us while we sleep, O Father,
May we all in safety wake,
Bring us to thy heavenly kingdom;
This we ask for Jesus' sake."

"OLD MAIDS."

A great deal is said in some circles, about "old maids." One would think, to listen to the conversation of some people, that the only useful people in this world were those who were married, and that all the disagreeable ones were "old maids." The latter class are given all the credit for every thing that goes wrong; it is all due to the meddling propensities of the "old maid" of the family, so her relatives say, though the truth may be that the married members of the family may be more to blame for the trouble than their single relative. The young ladies in their dread of being called "old maids," often marry the first man who asks them to do so, when if it was not for this dread they would be content to wait awhile longer and might do a great deal better and save themselves and all who take an interest in them a great deal of misery. Why should an old maid be disagreeable and an old bachelor be so eagerly sought after? One very seldom hears an old bachelor taunted because he prefers the state of single blessedness to the dangerous sea of matrimony, though the term of old maid is applied to all ladies who are on the shady side of thirty. One ought to take into consideration that for all he knows to the contrary, the lady may have had abundant opportunities to "change her condition," as it is sometimes called, but prefers not to do so. She may have reasons for her choice of life: the man whom she loved may have proved unworthy, and she feared to trust her happiness to his care, or she may have preferred to live with her parents. Her reasons for living a single life, only concern herself, and she is not obliged to make them public property if she does not wish to, and it shows very bad breeding to ask her why she did not marry. There is no disgrace in being an old maid. They are often happier than their married friends. A wife is obliged to consult her husband's wishes but a single lady has only herself to consult. She can come and go and do pretty much as she pleases. She need not lack escorts. Plenty of men are willing to show her attention. In fact, men are more likely to pay attention to an old maid than to a young one, because they know the former will understand perfectly well that they like her society but do not want to marry, while the latter are very liable, if a man shows them much attention, to think he is in love with them, and meet him more than half way.

Men may like to flirt with the latter class of ladies, but they seldom really care for them. They look upon them as fair game, because they are so eager to catch a husband, but soon tire of being followed all over by them. There is no necessity for an old maid to be either disagreeable or idle. In fact I think she can be as agreeable and usefully employed as her married sisters. She can make herself useful and agreeable to the younger generation.

In a great many families, the younger generation vastly prefers the society of their old maid aunts to that of the married ones, for she always is willing to sympathize with them in their pursuits, which is often more than the latter will do. A great many ladies are plainly intended by nature to remain single, but being afraid of that senseless cry of "old maid," they marry, and in a few years find when too late that they have made a great mistake, and regret it to their dying day. It is not every one that can be happy in the married state. One has to yield to the wishes of the other, and too often, it is the wife who has to give up everything to the husband. I am not in favor of "woman's rights," as it is commonly understood, but I do think women are not rightly treated in some families. The husband ought to be the head of the family, of course, but he should treat his wife with some consideration, should in fact consult her on almost every thing which relates to their common welfare. When two men go into partnership in business, one is senior the other junior partner, but they consult each other about their common business. The same rule ought to hold good with husband and wife; but some men seem under the impression, (I think it a mistaken one in many cases,) that the dress of a man must necessarily carry more wisdom with it than that of a woman. It is far better to be an old maid than the wife of such a man. He hurts his wife's feelings every day of his life, and often without either intending to do so or knowing that he does it.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

PHILADELPHIA.

Young Men's Christian Association News.

MINOR PENCILINGS.

As it rained hard last Wednesday evening (May 18th), there was no meeting of the Chirological Lyceum held in the Y. M. C. A. building, for a quorum could not be obtained. The programme for the occasion was postponed until next Wednesday (May 25th).

Many printed cards in relation to the different Lyceums of the Y. M. C. A. are now being distributed. The card thus refers to our Lyceum: "The Chirological Lyceum of the Y. M. C. A. holds its meetings every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. This Lyceum, as its name implies, is composed of deaf-mutes, and a cordial invitation is extended to all such to unite in making it one of the interesting features of our Association."

The mute members of the Association are very glad to see that a good number of the speaking members of the Gymnasium Department of the Y. M. C. A. can talk with them by the use of the manual alphabet.

MINOR PENCILINGS.
Last evening, the anniversary exercises of the Epiphatha Guild (Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Mission), were held in the Parish Building of St. Stephen's P. E. Church. The room was nearly filled with deaf-mutes and hearing persons. Among those present were the Rev. Dr. Wines, acting rector of St. Stephen's church; Dr. Meyer Smith, who knows Dr. Gallaudet, Laurent Clerc, etc., Messrs. Rumbhaar, and Cleeman, members of St. Stephen's Vestry; Professors Trist, Crouter, Kirkhuff and Elwell. Rev. Mr. H. W. Syle presided. The Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Guild, and its two Branches, the Clerc Literary Association, and the Pastoral Aid Society, were read.

Then followed the installation of officers of the Clerc Literary Association. Prof. Arms was introduced, and made his inaugural address. Prof. Arms is now President of the Association; Mr. Jos. A. Turner, Vice President; Prof. Elwell, Secretary, and Mr. Cullingworth, Treasurer.

Short addresses were made by Dr. Meyer Smith, Prof. Trist, and Prof. Crouter, which were applauded.

The Reports and addresses were interpreted by Prof. Crouter, assisted by Prof. Kirkhuff, for the benefit of the deaf-mutes.

A vote of thanks was tendered those who took part in the exercises. John D. Zeigler is the happy father of a new baby. I wish him a family of precious innocents to fill his home with music and enrich his heart with love. Then Bob M. Zeigler, the student at the National Deaf-Mute College, is a happy uncle.

Mr. Farley, a mute of New York City, was in town, and he witnessed the religious services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Syle at St. Stephen's Church last Sunday.

The election of the Board of Managers of the Epiphatha Guild will be held next Thursday evening in the Parish Building of St. Stephen's Church.

Wm. H. LIPSETT.

Boston Notes.

The necktie and apron party, which took place in Boston on the 27th of April last, proved a perfect success.

It was under the supervision of Miss Bella Flagg, Miss Edna Howes, Mrs. F. C. Davis, and Mrs. Geo. Homer, to whom great credit is due for their excellent management. It was largely attended, about 100 mutes being present, and it was by far the most enjoyable party of the season.

The usual custom was reversed, the gentlemen wearing the aprons, the ladies the neckties. It was a comical sight to see the Boston Giant, Mr. W. H. Krause, who wore the smallest apron in the hall.

After some amusing games and a few dances, in which the ladies chose their partners, they partook of some delicious refreshments, which were handed around by the ladies of the committee, attired in muslin aprons and pretty Norman caps.

Just before going to supper, the fair Committee were presented with some beautiful bouquets, by Mr. Goldsmith of Cambridge. The mutes were delighted to see Mr. Geo. Newhall of Melrose, who has not been able to attend any of the former gatherings.

Mr. Harry White and Mr. Frisbee, who are almost indispensable at a social gathering, were unable to come and were greatly missed by the mutes. The party ended with three hearty rounds of applause for the Committee.

WITNESS.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If fortune with a smiling face
Shew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day!
But shall she frown with face of care
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day!
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warn us from men's borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

—Charles Mackay.

On the Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

By GORHAM D. ABBOTT.

And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses and they were talking with Jesus—MARK IX., 4.

Will earthly friendships be renewed in Heaven? Are the ties which here on earth bind heart to heart, and the sympathies which cheer us on this terrestrial pilgrimage to perish with the body in the grave, or to live with the immortal mind in Heaven?

The question of the recognition of friends in Heaven, involving as it does the very nature of Heaven, and the essential characters of its enjoyments, becomes one of the most important which can be presented to the human mind.

God has not left us to grope our way in darkness upon a subject so vital as this. Both reason and revelation unite their most emphatic voices to instruct us upon this theme.

Let us contemplate the condition of Adam and Eve in Eden. This world, the wreck of which is still so beautiful, was prepared for sinless man—a mansion worthy of the divine architect. It was reared as a home adapted in every material adornment to gratify all the wants of its inhabitants. The world being thus created and adorned, Adam was formed, its lord and master. In delighted motion, he, its brightest ornament, with Godlike intelligence beaming from his eyes, and angelic purity glowing in his heart, moved along those avenues whose loveliness allured his steps. The fragrance of a blooming world was around him. His eyes were feasted with beauty; his ear was enraptured with melody. Bounding with celestial instincts before him were animals of varied beauty, all emulous to minister to his pleasure. There were flowers and fruits and songs. There were hills and vales, lakes and rivers, groves and bowers.

It was a garden which God had planned and embellished as one of the ornaments of his realm;—where angels might love to linger; a garden so beautiful that the Lord God himself was attracted to its bowers in the "cool of the day."

But something was still wanting to complete the happiness of Adam. The body was perfect in all its organization. The mind was the delighted recipient of all the knowledge rushing in upon it. Every sense had its full enjoyment. Yet there was one thing wanting;—one thing without which all else was but dust and ashes.

"Give me," said Adam's heart, "a friend. With no companion with sympathetic soul, these flowers will fade upon my eye, and this melody will fall mournfully upon my ear, and this garden of Eden will be a dreary place of exile, where immortality will be a curse."

"It is not good that man should be alone," said God. He gave him a friend. And now Eden becomes indeed a paradise. Loved companionship gives flight to the swift winged hours. Adam was then one of God's sinless children. His wants were such as angels have.

This world is the same upon which Eden bloomed, only now wilted by a curse. Redemption shall take from earth its male dictation, and Eden shall bloom in renewed loveliness, such as Adam and Eve never witnessed. Purified in the flames of the last conflagration, it shall emerge a "new earth" to take its place again among the rejoicing morning stars. The green pastures and still waters of a celestial paradise shall again expand before the eyes of the redeemed inhabitants of earth.

Man not only regenerated, but exalted to glory and power which he possessed not before the fall, shall again take possession of this renovated globe prepared for its occupants, rescued from sin through the sufferings of the Son of God. And shall there not be found in the new Eden, the celestial Paradise, the endearments of friendship. The first Eden is but the dim shadow of the more effulgent second? We cannot conceive that this new home should thus be reared, shorn of its brightest joy;—that, when every other flower blooms, and every other joy is magnified, the pleasures of memory shall die, and long cherished loves perish. It cannot be that those who loved each other on earth shall meet side by side in that blissful world with no recognition. It cannot be that those who have toiled and wept and prayed and rejoiced together in this fallen world will meet as strangers in the celestial paradise.

For redeemed man a celestial paradise is prepared more beautiful than Eden's most charming bowers. There the heart true to its heaven-born instincts, will yearn for friendship. There, there must be pure and unsullied love. There will be ecstatic recognitions, and rapturous greetings, such as angelic natures only can know.

The views which many entertain respecting Heaven, seem not only unalluring, but depressing. Lord Bolingbroke has many sympathizers, when he says "that the representations of Heaven, as a sort of ghostly region where disembodied spirits, with no joyous companionship, no alluring employment, spend eternity in an endless singing of hymns, presented to his mind no joyous anticipations, but excited emotions of weariness and disgust."

A poor soldier, returning from a dreary frontier post in the wilderness was asked how they spent their time there. He replied, in the tones of a man whose energies had been all crushed out: "We live much as we are told that they do in Heaven. We

have nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and nothing to do."

When St. John was taken to heaven, and its wonders revealed to him, his devout spirit surely was not disturbed, as he heard apparently a choir of one hundred and forty and four thousand of the redeemed, harping with their harps, in the performance of an anthem to the Lamb, which none but the Redeemed could learn.

There is nothing which the soul craves more unceasingly than an object worthy of its love. Many a pillow has been wet with tears as some lone one, friendless, unloved, has longed with inexpressible desire, for some one to whom the heart could cling.

It is fashionable to represent this as mere sentimentality. But the student of history need not be told that these longings pertain to the noblest and most heroic of men and women. The love of Damon and Pythias, not only melts the heart of the tyrant Dyonisius, but has touched the sensibilities of the world.

There are many monuments to illustrious men in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise in Paris. But the tomb of Aeloele and Abelard to the present day draws more footsteps than any other. Pilgrims from all lands bow at the shrine, and it is ever wreathed with flowers.

Napoleon, after the most brilliant career which mortal man has ever trodden, when dying at St. Helena, said: "The only few moments of joy I have experienced on earth, I have found in the love of Josephine."

The thunders of Trafalgar shake the ocean. Lord Nelson, torn with the bullet and covered with blood is gasping in death. He looks up to his friend, who with flooded eyes, bends over him, and the last words of the dying warrior are: "Kiss me Hardy." The heart true to its heaven-born instincts, craves love. Is this a weakness? Nay, it is true nobility.

Julius Caesar falls beneath the daggers of assassins. The mask falls from one and he sees the features of his friend—Brutus. Anguish, keener than the dagger's point, pierces his heart. "And you too, Brutus," he exclaims. Grief triumphs over the love of life, and burying his face in his mantle, he surrenders himself to death.

Love is the essence of God; love is the joy and the crown of angels; love constitutes the only nobility of man. "My son, give me thy heart," says God; and all intelligent creation re-echo the cry.

As in the pages of inspiration we catch glimpses of united hearts even in the Godhead—of the union of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, so mysteriously blended, that, while in love, joy and converse, there are three; in purpose, nature and essence there is but one; thus combining the perfection both of companionship and unity, my soul is cheered by the vision.

Thus, in all the delineations of heaven, love, friendship, the union of congenial hearts is an essential element. Is Heaven represented as a city? Its gates of pearl and streets of gold are thronged with rejoicing multitudes. Its majestic avenues are lined with mansions such as God's hand has reared. Cherubim and Seraphim in exultant bands, pass and repass those hospitable thresholds. The crystal floods of the river of the Water of Life flow through that country inviting to such festival joys as make glad the hearts of its inhabitants.

Is Heaven represented as a scene of moral beauty? There rise in towering cliffs the hills of Zion. Valleys green and beautiful sweep along the declivities of the mountains. Embowered groves, and placid lakes, and blooming flowers charm the eye. Birds flit from bough to bough enlivening the landscape with their songs. The lion and the lamb shall there lie down together, a little child caressing them.

And all this scene of peace and loveliness, the very thought of which now enraptures man's weary spirit, is enlightened by the companionship of the multitudinous host of celestials who repose in these green pastures and bathe in these still waters, and who blend heart with heart in social converse. They pluck the fruits which God has ripened and recline in the arbors which God has woven, and gather the flowers which God has embellished with beauty and perfumed with the fragrance of Heaven.

And now the plumage of outspread pinions glitters in the air, as, soaring upward and onward in blissful association, wing rustling against wing they pass through realms of space, limitless in extent and crowded to profusion with the wondrous architecture of the Almighty. And anon, they give sympathetic utterance of their ecstasy in songs and hallelujahs which from blest voices cause Heaven's most distant arches to resound with the melody.

Christian, canst thou gaze upon these scenes, and mingle with this throng, and swell these hallelujahs with the friend by thy side whose heart now throbs sympathetically with thine own,—and yet there be no recognition? Yet have wept and prayed and struggled against temptation, that you might meet in this blissful world. And now that you have met, can it be that you will know it not? When eye looks into eye, and hand grasps hand, and wing brushes wing in the angelic flight, can it be that soul will be dead to soul, and heart will beat no response to heart?

It cannot be. God has not created human love, and invested it with all its deathless tenacity, to have it perish in the grave.

Tell me not that all this is figurative language. Fritter not thus away

the glorious revelations of God's word. Give me not in place of the Heaven which God hath promised me, boundless regions of nothingness where there are ghosts floating forever through impalpable fogs. The Bible is not a book of riddles, which none can understand but a few scholars who have spent a lifetime in groping through the intricacies of oriental literature. Heaven is not a trope—a metaphor. God is not a myth. The love of God, the companionship of angels, the sweet sympathies of paradise, are not visions of a baseless fabric—mere shadows of a shade.

Mourning widow, you will lay aside your weeds, and again put on your bridal robes, rich with heaven's embroidery. You will again meet the sainted one who has gone before you to get the mansion ready which Christ has reared.

Sorrowing mother, that babe whom you consigned so sadly to its grave, is a cherub now—a bright and beautiful and laughing cherub. And when the golden gates shall be opened to you that child may be the first to rush to welcome you. And that angel child throwing his arms around your neck, will greet you with the dearest of all earth-born words, "mother."

"Oh, when a mother meets on high,
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and tears—
The day of weep, the watchful night,—
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over payment of delight."

A little girl lost her mother. She was frail and beautiful, a bud never destined to blossom. With emaciated cheek and hectic flush, as she was slowly fading away, she would throw her arms around the neck of a friend on whose lap she was reclining, and say, "Now tell me about my dear mamma." For hours she would lie on the sofa gazing upon the portrait of her sainted mother.

The last hour came. The child was gasping in death. For a moment the spirit seemed to have left the body. Suddenly, she appeared to revive. A new lustre beamed in her eye. Gazing with surprise and rapture upon some object, which seemed to be floating near her bed, she threw up her arms, exclaiming: "Mother! mother!" and passed away, we doubt not into that mother's bosom. She was the guardian angel sent to receive her. This is not a solitary case. There are many such, well authenticated.

Again, the discoveries of modern astronomy throw much light on this subject. Science and Revelation are handmaids. God's word and works harmonize. They explain each other. God's word assures us that many mansions are reared for his worshippers, varying in glory, adapted in all their appliances to the diversified ranks of cherubim and seraphim, angel and archangel. Science gives us an astounding view, though dim and distant, of their number and their gorgeousness.

How wonderfully diversified are these celestial mansions revealed to us by the telescope. Jupiter rushes along his eternal pathway, accompanied by his beautiful retinue of moons. Saturn, with his concentric rings of golden brilliance, each one, perhaps, a gorgeous world in itself, floats along his almost boundless orbit. Comets, strange ethereal, spiritualized worlds, are ever careering through the abyss of space—the locomotives of infinity; vehicles or dwellings adapted to some of the varied orders in the hierarchy of Heaven of whom we know nothing. And the sun of our little planetary village, flashes its beams of illumination and warmth upon distant worlds, and yet by a wonderful provision of the Deity, veils its own inhabitants from the piercing rays of the luminous clouds in which it is enveloped which give it its splendor.

And then, again, Science reveals to us the astounding truth that immensity, through profundities of space which no imagination can conceive, is filled with these magnificent mansions of God. Everywhere they are scattered with creature profusion. We cannot begin to compute their number. Millions upon millions are nothing in their sum. Above, beneath, around us, infinity is crowned with these glittering orbs, as the sands upon the ocean shore.

Now, when we connect with these revelations of science, the revelation of God's word that from the grave the body is to arise purified, spiritualized, to be immortal as the mind;—that, raised in honor, glory and power, it is to be winged for an eternal flight;—we cannot but follow it as,

"It mounts exulting on triumphant wing," to these distant worlds, these mansions which God has reared for his children.

Our globe, in the morning of creation, was one of the angelic worlds. Adam and Eve in all the perfection and beauty of uncontaminated materialism, ate of its fruits and breathed the fragrance of its flowers. And this mortal body shall emerge again buoyant with angel plumage and vital with energies which can never tire.

You, oh Christian! are to have beyond the grave, a celestial body; a worthy tenement for a celestial soul. You, as the child and heir of your Heavenly Father, are to inherit the Universe. God has made these mansions for you, his child. The bright orb of day is yours, your property, your estate, and all its treasures, all its sources of enjoyments will be at your disposal. These beaming planets, these twinkling stars, these unknown firmaments of crowded worlds, are all to be your inheritance. They are the palaces which God has reared for all his children, and which you are to share with the rest.

Disciples of Jesus! such is the pros-

pect unfolded before you in your future career of immortality. And surely on those magnificent worlds, with minds clear and penetrating as angelic vision, with hearts pure as the reflected image of God, with bodies radiant with celestial loveliness, inspired with energies that can never tire, surely there will be scope for the glow of affection and for loving companionship, such as Eden's bowers could scarcely have known. Then, Christian, be comforted. The storm of life will soon cease, the night will soon pass—all tears will soon be wiped away.

Is there any unbeliever in God's word who says that all this is delusion? Cruel, cruel infidelity! O! rob us not of the only solace which remains for those crushed and broken hearts with which the earth is filled. "O who can bear life's stormy doom," if it leads only to dying groans and a grave of corruption.

The mother weeps in anguish over her dying child. Cruel infidelity says: "Your child has perished as the bubble that has burst. You will never see or hear from it again."

The wife bends in agony over her dying husband, receives his last kiss of more than earthly love, and his last word, "we shall soon meet again." And infidelity raises its demon laugh and says to the weeping wife: "Fool, throw away the delusive hope. Your husband has passed to nothingness like the brutes; and you will soon follow him."

"Infidelity, thou art a demon! Get thou behind me. We will cling to the Bible, to the Saviour, to the hope of Heaven. Here I find the comfort of my life—oh, so rich a comfort! Here the joy of my death. Death, do I say:

"No! no! It is not dying
To go unto our God.
This gloomy earth forsaking
Our journey onward taking
Along the starry road."

Sons and daughters of a sorrowing world, here there is rest for the weary. Repent of sin, trust in Jesus, commence a life of prayer and obedience, and soon you shall enter those blessed portals, and go no more out forever.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Dunville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Mayville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Saunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.

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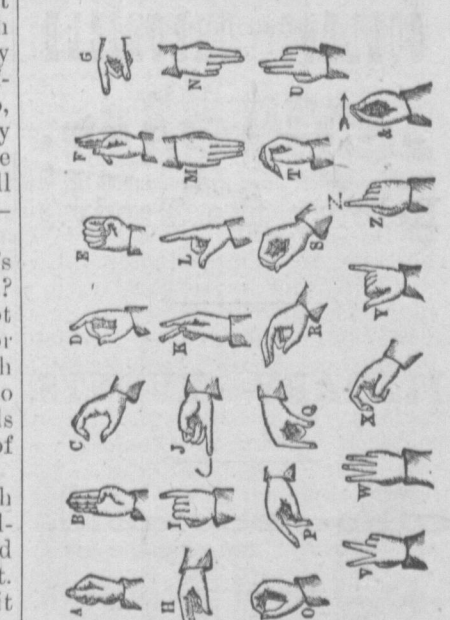
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